

WERNER'S PLAYS

THE PRINCESS *Alfred Tennyson*



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Classical Play

5 m. 5 f.
or all f.
and supes

1½ Hours
25 Cents

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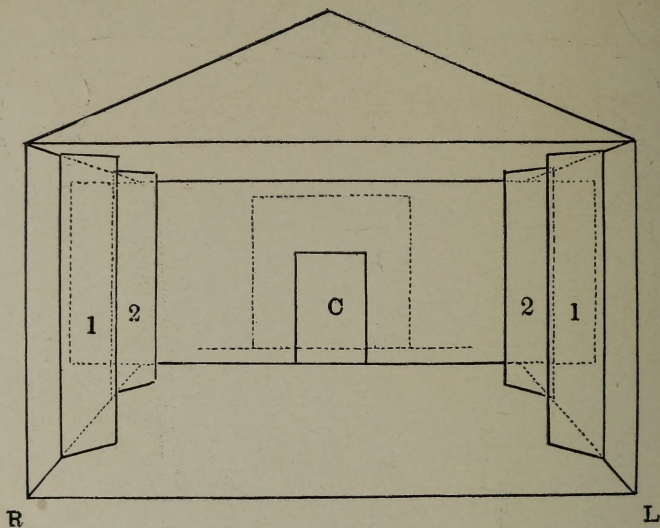
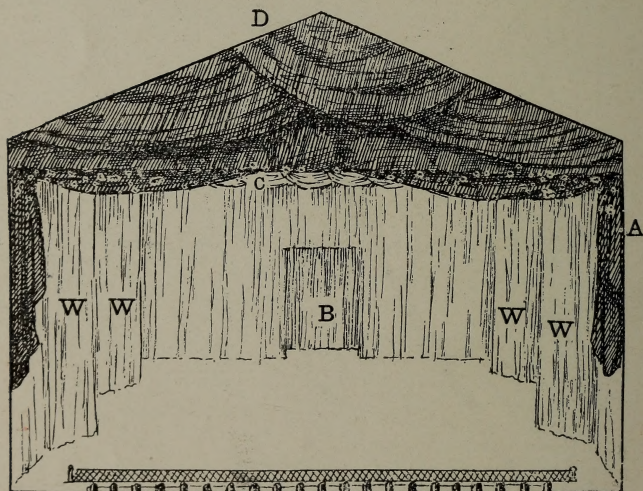


Diagram of Framework.



The Stage.

- A. Stage Curtain.
- B. Background behind centre exit.
- C. Valance of Stage Wall.

- D. Proscenium.
- W.W. Wings.

THE PRINCESS

BY

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

DRAMATIZED BY L. MAY HAUGHWOUT

For Amateur Presentation, and Specially for
Girls' College and Seminary Entertainments

Lesson-Talk by Elise West

Analytical and Critical Study by Stanley Schell



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Price 25 Cents

ENLARGED AND ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK

EDGAR S. WERNER & COMPANY

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DRAMATIZER'S NOTE.

I HAVE not tried to embody all the gems of the poem in this mimic drama, for who could enter the "Valley of Diamonds" and hope to carry them all away? So reluctantly I passed many jewels of thought as I culled from the glittering array. Sorry indeed was I to leave out Psyche's "Maiden-babe," but any representation of that ideal of infant loveliness would be sheer burlesque. The camp, the battle, the wounding of the Prince and others, I felt were all too difficult for us to handle, so I took the liberty of introducing the dénouement more abruptly than it is in the original poem.

Several of the interlude ballads are used as descriptive of time and transitions not otherwise expressed, as "The Cradle Song," to represent night; "Home they brought her warrior dead," to represent Ida's softening and repentance.

I must be pardoned for the origin of a character to whom Lord Tennyson has not been introduced; and yet if "Ipsé" be carefully studied, perhaps he will be found to be "mine host" of the hostel, dressed up in finer plumes. History furnishes us many promotions not less startling.

L. M. H.

MUSIC FOR PLAY.

(Music for Cyril's Song is given in this book.)

"BUGLE SONG," 35c.

"WHERE IS ANOTHER SWEET AS MY SWEET?" 50c.

"SWEET AND LOW," 35c.

"O SWALLOW, SWALLOW," 50c.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS," 40c.

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD," 35c.

All six songs supplied for \$1.35.

Rolfe's edition of the whole poem of "The Princess," suggested as illustrating the costumes, 75c.

NOTE — "The Cradle Song," here referred to, is the Song "Sweet and Low,"

THE PRINCESS.

CHARACTERS.

PRINCESS IDA.		FLORIAN, his friend, and brother of
LADY PSYCHE, } LADY BLANCHE, }	Instructors in the University.	Psyche.
MELISSA, daughter of Lady Blanche.		CYRIL, friend to the Prince and Flo- rian.
VIOLET, a pupil, daughter of Ipse.		GAMA, King, and father to Ida.
THE PRINCE.		IPSE, Nobleman in Gama's Court.
	Pupils, Attendants, Courtiers, etc.	

SCENE I.—A Grove.

Enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL.

FLORIAN. How now, my Prince, will you not deign to speak ?

What anxious trouble sits upon your brow ?

CYRIL. We still would know your griefs as well as joys,
But you deny us.

PRINCE. My friends, for you
Do of all others most deserve that name,
I did intend to hide my thoughts from all;
But since your eyes do penetrate my soul,
Listen, and I'll disclose to you my secret woe.
The Southern Princess—you have heard of her,
To whom I was betrothed at eight years old ?
Although I ne'er have set my eye on her,
She's been my one ideal. And still
From time to time came murmurs of her beauty;
And still I've worn her picture by my heart,
And one dark tress; and all around them both
Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about their queen.

For suggestions as to costumes, scenes, etc., see pages 37-39.

But now the days draw near that we should wed ;
 My father sent ambassadors with furs,
 Jewels, gifts, to fetch her; these returned to-day,
 And brought as present a great labor of the loom,
 And therewithal, an answer vague as wind :
 They saw the King, her father; he took the gifts;
 He said there was a compact, that was true;
 But then she had a will; was he to blame ?

CY. He surely is !

FLO. Audacity !

PRINCE. And maiden fancies; loved to live alone
 Among her women; certain would not wed.
 Inflamed with wrath, my father started on his feet,
 Tore the King's letter, snowed it down, and rent
 The wonder of the loom thro' warp and woof,
 From skirt to skirt; and at the last he sware
 That he would send a hundred thousand men
 And bring her in a whirlwind.
 " My father, let me go," I plead;
 " It cannot be but some gross error lies
 In this report, this answer of the King.
 Or, maybe, I myself, my bride once seen,
 May rue the bargain made." " No," roared
 My father, " you shall not; we ourself
 Will crush her maiden fancies dead
 In iron gauntlets!"
 I left his council, rose, and passed the town;
 Found this still place, and plucked the likeness out.

[*Here take a locket from the bosom.*]

What are those fancies? Why breaks she her troth?
 Proud look those lips, and yet they 're tender, too.
 The South wind, rushing thro' the trees,
 Seems ever saying, Follow, follow, thou shalt win !

FLO. I have a sister at the foreign court
 Who moves about the Princess; she, you know,

Who wedded with a nobleman from thence;
 He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,
 The lady of three castles in that land;
 Thro' her, this matter might be sifted clean.

PRINCE. The Lady Psyche, is 't you mean?

FLO. The same.

PRINCE. Then ere the silver sickle of this month
 Becomes her golden shield, let's steal from here,
 Seek out the mother city and your sister,
 And try to win by love this haughty Princess.

CY. Take me, too—take me with you! I'll serve you
 Well in any strait. I grate on rusty hinges here.

PRINCE. Agreed, so you behave with courtly grace.

FLO. Remember not to swagger nor to swear.

[*Exeunt FLORIAN and CYRIL, laughing.*]

PRINCE [*sings*]:

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
 Fine of the fine and shy of the shy?
 Fine little hands, fine little feet—
 Dewy blue eye.

Shall I write to her? shall I go
 Ask her to marry me by and by?
 Somebody said that she 'd say no;
 Somebody knows that she 'll say ay!

Ay or no, if asked to her face?
 Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
 Go, little letter, apace, apace, fly!
 Fly to the light in the valley below,
 Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye:
 Somebody said that she 'd say no;
 Somebody knows that she 'll say ay!

SCENE II.—The Court of GAMA. [*Have here a pretty court tableau.*]

Enter GAMA, IPSE, and attendants, FLORIAN, CYRIL, and the PRINCE.

GAMA. Now, gentlemen, I bid you all be mirthful;
Enjoy our ancient city and our games.
And, my fair Prince, command whate'er you list
For your delight and entertainment.

PRINCE. Gramercy, King,
There is one only thing that will delight me,
The only object I came hither for:
It is to see your daughter, Princess Ida.

GAMA. You do us, Prince, all honor.
We remember love ourself in our sweet youth:
There did a compact pass long summers back,
A kind of ceremony—
I think the year in which our olives failed.
I would you had her, Prince, with all my heart,
With my full heart: but there were widows here,
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche;
They fed her theories, in and out of place,
Maintaining that with equal husbandry
The woman were an equal to the man.
They harped on this; with this our banquets rang;
Nothing but this: my very ears were hot
To hear them. Knowledge, so my daughter held,
Was all in all; they had been, she thought,
As children; they must lose the child,
Assume the woman. Then, sir, awful odes she wrote,
Too awful, sure, for what they treated of—
But all she is and does is awful; odes
About this losing of the child; and rhymes
And dismal lyrics, prophesying change
Beyond all reason: these the women sang;
And they that know such things—I sought but peace,

No critic I—would call them masterpieces:
 They mastered *me*. At last she begged a boon,
 A certain summer palace which I have
 Hard by your father's frontier. I said no,
 Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,
 All wild to found an university
 For maidens, on the spur she fled; and more
 We know not—only this: they see no men,
 Not even her brother Arac, nor the twins. And I
 (Pardon me for saying it) am loth to breed
 Dispute betwixt myself and mine. But since
 (And I confess with right) you think me bound
 In some sort, I can give you letters to her;
 And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your chance
 Almost at naked nothing. [*Exit GAMA and train.*]

FLO. This is worse, far worse, than I surmised!

CY. And must this romance end in "wild-goose chase?"

PRINCE. If, then, she sees no men, wherefore these letters?
 It is but paper worthless. Can we not enter
 As artisans disguised, or else as servants?
 I must behold this Princess face to face!

IPSE. The artisans and servants all are women!
 My daughters are her pupils, and they say
 The land for miles around is tilled by women.

ALL. By women?

IPSE. By women.

The Princess passed me once. I heard her speak;
 She scared me. Life! I never saw the like!
 She looked—

PRINCE. Oh, how?

IPSE. As grand as doomsday and as grave.

CY. Do you remember how we three presented maids
 In masque and pageant at your father's court?
 Why not as pupils enter, clad like girls?

FLO. The very thing!

PRINCE. Bravo, Cyril ! How glad I am you came ;
 You said you 'd serve me well in any strait. [*To IPSE.*
 Can you not furnish us, my good old friend,
 With toggery becoming this wild scheme ?

IPSE. That can I, yes, indeed,—if I have gold,
 For well I know the fashion of their gear.

PRINCE. Here 's for your pains and also for your silence.

IPSE. But with which tutor do you wish to enter ?

FLO. O'ername them.

IPSE. There 's the Lady Blanche ; she has a vulture neck
 With eagle eyes and crooked, twitching mouth.

ALL. Not her ! Not her ! Who else ?

IPSE. The Lady Psyche, she 's the next in rank.

CY. And is she pretty ?

FLO. And good-natured ?

IPSE. Both they say who know her ; I ne'er saw her,
 Nor do I wish to. Jove keep me clear such women !
 Her maidens all must wear a cap and gown
 Of violet color, but Lady Blanche 's yellow,
 I believe they call it April daffodilly.

CY. The Lady Psyche. Her's we are !

FLO. Of course.

PRINCE. Agreed, we 'll haste us to prepare. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Room in the University. Enter all the pupils. [*Here introduce an æsthetic drill of harmonic gymnastics, poses, etc.*]*

Enter PRINCESS and LADY BLANCHE.

PRINCESS. Glad morning to you, maidens mine.

ALL. Good morning, gracious Princess.

[*PORTRESS brings in letters.*

PRIN. [*reads*]. “Three ladies of the Northern empire
 pray

Your Highness would enroll them with your own,
 As Lady Psyche's pupils.” Bid them enter.

[*Exit* PORTRESS.

* Use “Æsthetic Drill” in “Genevieve Stebbins's Drills” (30 cents).

PRIN. We built far off from men a fold for you,
 We stored it full of rich memorial,
 And fenced it round with gallant institutes
 And biting laws, to scare those beasts of prey.
 Now these, the women of our neighbor land,
 Desiring higher lives, have come to us
 To beg the seeds of truth. We prosper well;
 We plant a solid foot into the time,
 We 'll mold a generation, strong to move,
 Of noble women, over all the orbs
 Between the northern and the southern morn.

Re-enter PORTRESS, *with* PRINCE, FLORIAN, *and* CYRIL *in pupils'*
attire.

We give you welcome; not without redound
 Of use and glory to yourselves ye come,
 The first-fruits of the stranger. Aftertime,
 And that full voice that circles round the grave,
 Will rank you nobly, mingled up with me.
 What! Are the ladies of your land so tall?

CY. We of the court.

PRIN. Of the court? Then ye know the Prince?

CY. The climax of his age! As tho' there were
 One rose in all the world, your Highness that,
 He worships your ideal.

PRIN. We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear
 This barren verbiage, current 'mong men
 Like coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.
 Your flight from out your bookless wilds would seem
 As arguing love of knowledge and of power;
 Your language proves you still the child. Indeed,
 We dream not of him: when we set our hand
 To this great work, we purposed with ourself
 Never to wed. You likewise will do well,
 Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling
 The tricks which make us toys of men,

That so, some future time, if so, indeed, you will,
 You may with those self-styled our lords
 Ally your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with scale.
 The Lady Blanche will now our statutes read.

LADY BLANCHE [*reads from a ponderous tome*].
 To enter this our virgin university,
 You must with solemn oath subscribe yourself :
 Not for three years to correspond with home ;
 Not for three years to cross the liberties ;
 Not for three years to speak with any men.

[*The pupils give assent.*]

Ye are green wood ; see that ye warp not.

PRIN. Look at our hall !

Our statues ! Not of those that men desire,
 Sleek odalisques, and oracles of the mode,
 Nor stunted squaws of west or east. But she
 That taught the Sabine how to rule, and she
 The foundress of the Babylonian wall,
 The Carian Artemesia strong in war ;
 The Rhodope, that built the pyramid ;
 Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene
 That fought Aurelian, and the Roman brows
 Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and lose
 Convention, since to look on noble forms
 Makes noble through the sensuous organism
 That which is higher. Oh, lift your natures up ;
 Embrace our aims ; work out your freedom.
 Girls, knowledge is no more a fountain sealed
 Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
 The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
 And slander, die. Better not be at all
 Than not be noble.
 To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue
 The fresh arrivals of the week before ;
 For they press in from all the provinces



The Princess.



Melissa.

And fill our hive. Leave us, you may go!

[*Exeunt pupils to soft music. LADY BLANCHE remains with the PRINCESS. Tableau.*]

SCENE IV.—School-room. Pupils all assembled. PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL in prominent place.

Enter LADY PSYCHE.

FLO. [*aside*]. My sister!

CY. [*aside*]. Comely, too, by all that's fair!

PRINCE [*aside*]. O, hush! hush!

[LADY PSYCHE *is seated and begins her lecture as follows:*]

The world was once a fluid haze of light,
 Till toward the centre set the starry tides
 And eddied into suns, that, wheeling, cast
 The planets; then the monster; then the man,
 Tattooed or woaded, winter-clad in skins,
 Raw from the prime, and crushing down his mate;
 As yet we find in barbarous isles and here
 Among the lowest; and so this petty law,
 This puny force that makes of woman's self
 A lesser man, in mind and soul and strength,
 Dates vaguely back to earliest primal time,
 And calls its vaunted author, man himself.
 Yet deep within the deeper shades of thought
 Flash forth the deeds of nature's Amazons,
 Whose skill and courage golden legends tell,
 When first they wore the cestus and the shield;
 When Dian's arrows swift as wingèd light
 Did match their speed 'gainst Phœbus' airy flight,
 A bird's-eye view of this ungracious past
 So emblematic of this lesser age.
 (For equal baseness lives in sleeker times
 With smoother men; the old leaven, leavens all.)
 Millions of throats have bawled for *civil* rights,
 Adown the Persian, Grecian, Roman lines

Of empire, and woman's state in each
Was far from just. And yet no woman spake,
For they were slaves. The ancient law Salique
Still shuts his royal sister from a throne
Because God gave to her a woman's life.
Oh, scorn of scorns! e'en now her ægis rests
Held down within her mightier brother's grasp!
The petty women of the Moslem's dreams
Are painted houris, slaves, and soulless things.
But with the Crusades dawned a worthier scope
Of simple conquest o'er the hearts of men—
A lower plane which shuts out higher life,
But still a ray of light, a dawn, a beam
Of promise. Fruit has followed. Deep, indeed,
Our debt of thanks to her who just has dared
To leap the rotten pales of prejudice,
Disyoke our necks from custom, and assert
None lordlier than ourselves but He who made
Woman and man. She has founded, we must build.
Here may you learn whatever men are taught;
Let no one fear. Some say our heads are less;
Some men's are small—not they the least of men,
For fineness often compensates for size;
Besides the brain is like the hand, and grows
By using; hence the man's, if more, is more.
He takes advantage of his strength to be
First in the field; some ages have been lost,
Yet woman ripens earlier, and her life
Is longer. Albeit our glorious names
Are fewer, scattered stars, yet since, in truth,
The highest is the measure of the man,
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,
But Homer, Plato, Verulam; e'en so
With woman. And in arts of government,
In war, in letters and the arts of grace,

We find brave women vying with the men.
 And not the least she who has left her place,
 And bowed her state for us, that we may grow
 To use and power on this oasis, lapped
 In the arms of leisure, sacred from the blight
 Of ancient influence and scorn. Methinks
 I see, within the ripening years to come,
 A future fraught with equal rights for both;
 Two heads in council, two beside the hearth,
 Two in the tangled business of the world,
 Two in the liberal offices of life,
 Two plummetts dropped for one to sound the abyss
 Of science, and the secrets of the mind;
 Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more;
 And everywhere the broad and beauteous earth
 Shall bear a double growth of these rare souls.

[Dismisses classes, except the new pupils, whom she beckons to her. They advance, first the PRINCE, then CYRIL, then FLORIAN. She recognizes him.]

LADY P. My brother!

FLO. My sister, well!

LADY P. What do you here? and in this dress? And these?

Why, who are these? A wolf within the fold!
 A pack of wolves! The Lord be gracious to me!
 A plot! A plot!! A plot to ruin all!!!

FLO. No plot! No plot!

LADY P. Wretched boy,
 How saw you not the inscription on the gate,
 "LET NO MAN ENTER HERE ON PAIN OF DEATH!"

FLO. And if I had, dear Psyche, who could think
 The softer Adams of your Academe,
 O sister, syrens tho' they be, were such as
 Chanted on the blanching bones of men?

LADY P. But you will find it otherwise. Indeed
 You jest: ill-jesting with edge-tools! My vow
 Binds me to speak, and oh, that iron will,
 That axe-like edge, unturnable, our Head,
 The Princess!

FLO. Well, then, Psyche, take my life,
 And nail me like a weasel on a grange
 For warning; bury me beside the gate,
 And cut this epitaph above my bones:
*Here lies a brother by a sister slain,
 All for the common good of womankind.*

CY. Let me die, too,
 Having seen and heard the Lady Psyche.

PRINCE. Albeit so masked, Madam, I love the truth;
 Receive it; and in me behold the Prince,
 Your countryman, affianced years ago
 To the Lady Ida. Here, for here she was,
 And thus (what other way was left?) I came.

LADY P. O sir, O Prince, I have no country, none;
 If any, this; but none. Whate'er I was
 Disrooted, what I am is grafted here.
 Affianced, sir? Love-whispers may not breathe
 Within this vestal limit, and how should I,
 Who am not mine, say live: the thunderbolt
 Hangs silent; but prepare: I speak; it falls.

PRINCE. Yet pause, for that inscription there,
 I think no more of deadly lurks therein
 Than in a clapper clapping in a garth,
 To scare the fowl from fruit; if more there be,
 If more and acted on, what follows? war;
 Your own work marred; for this, your Academe,
 Whichever side be victor, in the halloo
 Will topple to the trumpet down, and pass
 With all fair theories only made to gild
 A stormless summer.

LADY P. Let the Princess judge
Of that. Farewell, sir, farewell—and to you ;
I shudder at the sequel, but I go.

PRINCE. Are you that Lady Psyche,
The fifth in line from that old Florian,
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall
As he bestrode my grandsire, when he fell,
And all else fled? We point to it, and say,
The loyal warmth of Florian is not cold,
But branches current yet in kindred veins.

FLO. Are you that Psyche, she
With whom I sang about the morning hills,
Flung ball, flew kite, and raced the purple fly,
And snared the squirrel of the glen? Are you
That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing brow,
To smooth my pillow, mix the foaming draught
Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read
My sickness down to happy dreams? Are you
That brother-sister Psyche, both in one?
You were that Psyche, but what are you now?

CY. You are that Psyche for whom
I would be that forever which I seem,
Woman, if I might sit beside your feet
And glean your scattered sapience.

PRINCE. Are you that Lady Psyche, loyal heart,
That on her bridal morn before she passed
From all her old companions, when the King
Kissed her pale cheek, declared that ancient ties
Would still be dear beyond the southern hills;
That were there any of our people there
In want, or peril, there was one to hear
And help them? Look! for such are these and I.

FLO. Are you that Psyche, loving heart, to whom,
In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn
Came flying while you sat beside the well?

The creature laid his muzzle on your lap
 And sobbed, and you sobbed with it, and the blood
 Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you wept.
 That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet you wept.
 You were that Psyche, and what are you now?

CY. You are that Psyche, the purest, sweetest—

LADY P. Out upon it! Peace! Why should I not play
 The Spartan mother with emotion, be
 The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind?
 Him you call great: he for the common weal
 Slew both his sons. And I, shall I, on whom
 The secular emancipation turns
 Of half this world, be swerved from right to save
 A prince, a brother? a little will I yield.
 Best so, perchance, for us, and well for you.
 Oh, hard, when love and duty clash! I fear
 My conscience will not count me fleckless;
 Yet hear my conditions: Promise (otherwise
 You perish) as you came, to slip away,
 To-day, to-morrow, soon: it shall be said
 These women were too barbarous, would not learn;
 They fled, who might have shamed us: promise, all.

CY. Sweet it is to do the thing one ought, when
 Bade by Lady Psyche; but sweeter far—

FLO. [*interrupting*]. You are my sister Psyche, now
 You could

Not slay me, nor your prince. But must we go?

PRINCE. We must. She cannot further break her faith.
 Be comforted; what have you done but right?
 Yet can it be that I must lose my love?
 I promise truly for myself and these.

LADY P. [*to FLORIAN*]. I knew you at the first: tho' you
 have grown,
 You scarce have altered. I am sad and glad
 To see you, Florian. I give thee to death,

My brother ! it was duty spoke, not I.
 My needful seeming harshness, pardon it.
 Our mother, is she well?

[*They embrace.*]

Enter MELISSA.

MELISSA. I brought a message here from Lady Blanche.

LADY P. Ah ! Melissa—you ! You heard us ?

MEL. Oh, pardon me ! I heard, I could not help
 But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,
 Nor think I bear that heart within my breast,
 To give three gallant gentlemen to death.

LADY P. I trust you, my Melissa, for we two
 Were always friends, none closer, elm and vine;
 But yet your mother's jealous temperament—
 Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse, or prove
 The Danaïd of a leaky vase, for fear
 This whole foundation ruin, and I lose
 My honor, these their lives, and you my love.

MEL. Ah, fear me not, no—I would not tell,
 No, not for all Aspasia's cleverness,
 No, not to answer, Lady, all those hard things
 That Sheba came to ask of Solomon.

LADY P. Let it be so, and then we still may lead
 The new light up, and culminate in peace,
 For Solomon may come to Sheba yet.

CY. My dearest Madam, he, the wisest man,
 Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls
 Of Lebanonian cedar; nor should you
 (Tho', Madam, *you* should answer, *we* would ask)
 Less welcome find among us, if you came
 Among us, debtors for our lives to you,
 Myself for something more.

LADY P. Thanks, go: we have been too long
 Together: keep your hoods about the face:
 They do so that affect abstraction here.
 Speak little; mix not with the rest; and hold
 Your promise: all, I trust, may yet be well.

[*Exeunt all.*]

Enter pupils. They chant, to soft music, the Cradle Song.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

SCENE V.—A Corridor in the University.

Enter PRINCE, FLORIAN, and CYRIL.

PRINCE. Why, sirs, they do all this as well as **we**.
 They dip in all the streams of known research;
 The total chronicles of man, the mind,
 The morals, something of the frame, the rock,
 The star, the bird, the fish, the shell, the flower;
 Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest.

CY. They hunt old trails and ape the man quite well;
 But when did woman ever yet invent?

FLO. Ungracious! truthful gallant! have you learnt
 No more from Psyche's lecture, you that talked
 Such trash that made me sick and almost sad?

CY. Oh, trash, indeed, but with a kernel in it!
 Should I not call her wise who made me wise?
 And learnt? I learnt more from her in a flash

Than if my brain-pan were an empty hull,
 And every Muse tumbled a science in.
 A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,
 And round these halls a thousand baby loves
 Fly twanging headless arrows at the hearts,
 Whence follows many a vacant pang; but oh,
 With me, sir, entered in the bigger boy,
 The Cupid blind that had a Psyche too;
 He cleft me thro' the stomacher; and now,
 What think you of it, Florian? Do I chase
 The substance or the shadow? will it hold?
 I know the substance when I see it. Well,
 Are castles shadows? Three of them? Is she,
 The sweet proprietress, a shadow? If not,
 Shall those three castles patch my tattered coat?
 For dear are those three castles to my wants,
 And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,
 And two dear things are one of double worth.

Enter MELISSA.

MEL. Oh, fly, good sirs; oh, fly, while yet you may!
 My mother knows! my mother, Lady Blanche!

PRINCE. But how, sweet child, came she to know of us?

MEL. My fault, my fault! dear sir, and yet not mine;
 Yet mine in part. Oh, hear me, pardon me!
 My mother, 't is her wont from night to night
 To rail at Lady Psyche and her side.
 She says the Princess should have been the Head,
 Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms;
 And so it was agreed when first they came;
 But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,
 And she the left, or not, or seldom used;
 And so last night she fell to canvass *you*:
Her countrywomen! she did not envy her.
 "Whoever saw such wild barbarians?
 Girls?—more like men!" and at these words the snake,

My secret, seemed to stir within my breast;
 And oh, sirs, could I help it? but my cheek
 Began to burn and burn, and her lynx eye
 To fix and make me hotter, till she laughed:
 "O marvellously modest maiden, you!
 Men! girls like men! very like men indeed!"
 My mother went revolving on the words—
 Then came these dreadful words out one by one,
 "Why—these—*are*—men;" I shuddered; "and you know it!"
 "O ask me nothing," I said. "And she knows too,
 And she conceals it!" So my mother clutched
 The truth at once, but with no word from me.
 And now thus early risen she goes to inform
 The Princess: Lady Psyche will be crushed;
 But you may yet be saved, and therefore fly;
 But heal me with your pardon ere you go.

CY. What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a blush?
 Pale flowret, blush again; than ever wear
 Those lilies, better blush our lives away.
 Yet let us breathe for one hour more in heaven,
 For fear some classic angel speak of us:
 "They mounted, as flushed Ganymedes, too high,
 And tumbled, Vulcans, on the second morn."
 But I will melt this marble into wax
 To yield us farther furlough.

[*Exit* CYRIL.]

FLO. Now tell us
 How grew this feud betwixt the right and left?

MEL. Oh, long ago, I cannot tell how long,
 Division smouldered hidden; 't is my mother,
 Too jealous, often fretful as the wind
 Pent in a crevice; much I bear with her;
 I never knew my father, but she says
 (God help her!) she was wedded to a fool;
 And so, no doubt, that makes her what she is.
 She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,



Students.

I knocked, and, bidden, entered; found her there
At point to move, and settled in her eyes
The green malignant light of coming storm.
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well-oiled
As man's could be; yet maiden-meek, I prayed
Concealment. She demanded who we were,
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,
But, your example pilot, told her all.
Up went the hushed amaze of hand and eye.
But when I dwelt upon your old affianced,
She answered sharply that I talked astray.
I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,
And our three lives. Trae, we had limed ourselves
With open eyes, and we must take the chance.
But such extremes, I told her, well might harm
The women's cause. "Not more than now," she said,
"So puddled as it was with favoritism."
I tried the mother's heart. Shame might befall
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew:
Her answer was: "Leave me to deal with that."
I spoke of war to come and many deaths,
And she replied, her duty was to speak,
And duty, duty clear of consequences.
I grew discouraged, sir; but since I knew
No rock so hard but that a little wave
May beat admission in a thousand years,
I recommenced: "Decide not ere you pause.
I find you here, but in the second place,
Some say the third—the authentic foundress, you.
I offer boldly: we will seat you highest;
Wink at our advent; help my Prince to gain
His rightful bride, and here I promise you
Some palace in our land, where you shall reign
The head and heart of all our fair she-world,
And your great name flow on with broadening time

Forever." Well, she balanced this a little,
 And told me she would answer us to-day.
 Meantime, be mute: thus much, nor more I gained.

Enter VIOLET.

VIOLET. The Princess goes this afternoon to take
 The dip of certain strata to the north;
 Will you go with her? She says the land you 'll
 Find worth seeing, and she desires that you
 Accompany her. I hope you 'll come. [*Exeunt all.*]

Enter LADY BLANCHE.

LADY B. [*soliloquizing*]. Was ever outrage more com-
 plete and despicable,
 To enter here disguisèd as our sex!
 And 'mongst our maids to mingle carelessly!
 But now they 're in my talons. I may save,
 Or I may torture—which were best? To me
 The Princess has of late most haughty grown,
 Whilst to that wily Psyche, gracious ever;
 She trusts her, favors her, and loves her.
 What would she do if she but knew the truth,
 That Psyche, her loved Psyche, is a traitor
 In league with men! O snake! O serpent-dove!
 I 'll tell the Princess now—but soft—Melissa—
 Must I sacrifice my daughter? He said
 A Northern college they 'd on me bestow,
 Where I might be the head and only master.
 And Psyche: shall I shield her in her baseness?
 No, no, no, no! I 'll go to Ida straight,
 Away with every sentiment but hate!

[*Exit LADY BLANCHE.*]

SCENE VI.—On the Geological Expedition.

Enter PRINCE and PRINCESS.

PRIN. O friend, we trust that you esteemed us not
 Too harsh to your companion yestermorn;

Unwillingly we spake.

PRINCE. No, not to her,
My schoolmate, but to one of whom we spake
Your Highness might have seemed the thing you say.

PRIN. Again of him? Are you ambassadress
From him to me? We give you, being strange,
A license: speak and let the topic die.

PRINCE. I know him, Lady dear, and could have wished—
Our king expects—was there no precontract?
There is no truer hearted—ah, you seem
All he prefigured, and he could not see
The bird of passage flying south but longed
To follow. Surely if your Highness keep
Your purport, you will shock him e'en to death,
Or baser courses, children of despair.

PRIN. Poor boy, poor boy! can he not read—no books?
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals in that
Which men delight in, martial exercise?
To nurse a blind ideal like a girl,
Methinks he seems no better than a girl;
As girls were once, as we ourself have been.
We had our dreams; perhaps he mixed with them:
We touch on our dead self, nor shun to do it,
Being other—since we learnt our meaning here,
To lift the woman's fallen divinity
Upon an even pedestal with man.

[Pause.

And as to precontracts, my friend, we move
At no man's beck, but know ourself and thee,
O Vashti, noble Vashti! Summoned out
She kept her state, and left the drunken king
To brawl at Shushan underneath the palms.

PRINCE. Alas! your Highness breathes full Eastern queen,
On that which bows to you. I know the Prince,
I prize his truth; and then how vast a work
To assail this gray pre-eminence of man!

You grant me license ; may I use it ? think ;
 Ere half be done, perchance your life may fail ;
 With only Fame for spouse and your great deeds
 For issue, you may live in vain, and miss,
 Meanwhile, what every woman counts her due—
 Love, children, happiness.

PRIN. Peace, you young savage of the Northern wild !
 What ! tho' your Prince's love were like a god's,
 Have we not made ourself the sacrifice ?
 You are bold indeed ; we are not talked to thus.
 Yet will we say for children, would they grew
 Like wild-flowers everywhere ! we like them well.
 But children die ; and let me tell you, girl,
 Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot die :
 They with the sun and moon renew their light
 Forever, blessing those that look on them.
 Children—that men may pluck them from our hearts,
 Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—
 Oh, children ! There is nothing upon earth
 More miserable than she that has a son
 And sees him err. Nor would we work for fame ;
 For fear our solid aim be dissipated
 By frail successors. Would, indeed, we had been,
 In lieu of many mortal flies, a race
 Of giants living each a thousand years,
 That we might see our own work out, and watch
 The sandy footprints harden into stone.
 Here will we stay until the others come,
 I have in talk grown much diversified.

[*Ida seats herself on a bank.*]

PRINCE [*looking in the direction from which they came*].
 They come, O Princess, round the river's curve,
 The Lady Psyche leads my sister near ;
 And now the rest do follow them in train.

[*Waves a signal.*]

They see my signal and approach us fast,
This way, you laggards ! day is on the wane .

[*Shout startles Ida.*]

PRIN. Have all your Northern maids such lusty lungs?
If so, Borea's breath doth much invigorate.
Or are you stronger in physique than most?

PRINCE. I—oh, I am stronger far—I and my
Mates here with me. No doubt we seem to you
A kind of monster ; we are used to that.

*Enter PSYCHE and CYRIL, FLORIAN and MELISSA and all
the pupils following.*

PRIN. [*when all are carelessly seated*]. You see the bones
of some vast bulk, that lived,
And roared, and died, before man came at all.
As these rude bones to us, are we to her
Who comes hereafter, heiress of our age!

PRINCE. Dare we dream of that which wrought us,
As the workman and his work, that practice betters?

PRIN. We 'll answer that anon : I see you love
The metaphysics ! Read and earn our prize,
A golden brooch : beneath an emerald plane
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died
Of hemlock ; our device, wrought to the life ;
For there are schools for all and every line.

PRINCE. And yet, methinks, I have not found among
them all, one anatomic.

PRIN. Nay, we thought of that,
Believe me, but it pleased us not ; in truth,
We shudder but to dream our maids should ape
Those monstrous males who carve the living hound,
Or in the dark, dissolving human heart,
And holy secrets of this microcosm,
Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful jest,
Encarnalize their spirits. Yet we know
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter hangs.

Howbeit ourself, forseeing casualty,
 Nor willing men should come among us, learnt,
 For many weary moons before we came,
 This craft of healing. Were you sick, ourself
 Would tend upon you. To your question now,
 Which touches on the workman and his work.
 Let there be light, and there was light ; 'tis so ;
 For was, and is, and will be, are but is ;
 And all creation is one act at once,
 The birth of light. But we that are not all,
 As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that,
 And live, perforce, from thought to thought, and **make**
 One act a phantom of succession. Thus
 Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time ;
 But in the shadow we will work, and mold
 The woman to the fuller, brighter day.

PRINCE. O how sweet 'twould be
 To linger here with one who loved us best !

PRIN. Say rather, girl, with fair philosophies
 That lift the fancy; for indeed these fields
 Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian lawns
 Where paced the demigods of old, and saw
 The soft white vapor streak the crownèd towers
 Built to the sun. The bugle song begin.

[*Pupils recite together :*]

The splendor falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story;
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying;
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going !
 O sweet and far, from cliff and scar.

The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying ;
 Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They melt on hill or field or river ;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

PRIN. There sinks the nebulous star we call the sun,
 If that hypothesis of theirs be sound.
 Let Violet sing to us some tender song,
 Lightlier move the minutes fledged with music.

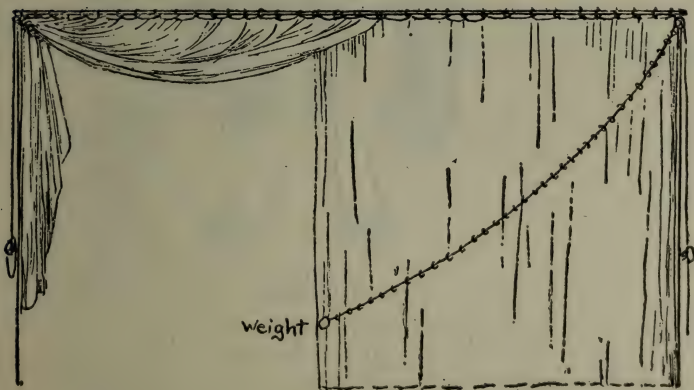
VIOLET [*sings*]. "Tears, idle tears."

PRIN. If indeed there haunt
 About the mouldered lodges of the past
 So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,
 Well needs it we should cram our ears with wool
 And so pace by ; but thine are fancies hatched
 In silken-folded idleness. Nor is it
 Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,
 But trim our sails, and let old by-gones be,
 While down the streams that float us each and all
 To the issue, goes, like glittering bergs of ice,
 Throne after throne : for all things serve their time
 Toward that great year of equal might and rights.
 [*To the PRINCE.*] Know you no song of your own land, the
 North,
 Not such as moans about the retrospect,
 But deals with other distance, and the hues
 Of promise ; not a death's head at the wine.

PRINCE. I now remember one myself did make,
 What time I watched the swallow winging south
 From my own land. Shall I sing it ?



Psyche. Details of Student's Dress.





Prince.

PRIN. We 'll hear.

PRINCE [*sings*]. "O Swallow, Swallow!"

PRIN. A mere love-poem! Oh, for such, my friend,
 We hold them slight; they mind us of the time
 When we made bricks in Egypt. Knaves are men,
 That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,
 That dress the victim to the offering up,
 And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,
 And play the slave to gain the tyranny.
 Poor soul! I had a maid of honor once;
 She wept her true eyes blind for such a one,
 A rogue of canzonets and serenades.
 I loved her. Peace be with her. She is dead.
 Love is it? Would this same mock-love and **this**
 Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter bats,
 Till all men grew to rate us at our worth;
 Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes
 To be dandled, no, but living wills, and sphered
 Whole in ourselves, and owed to none. Enough!
 But now to leaven play with profit, you,
 Know you no song, the true growth of your soil,
 That gives the manners of your countrywomen?

CY. [*sings*]. "The master, the swabber, the boatswain,
 and I,

The gunner and his mate,
 Loved Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
 But none of us cared for Kate."

PRIN. Forbear!

PRINCE. Forbear, sir!

MEL. Flee the death!

LADY P. Fly! fly!

[*All the pupils shriek "Home! Fly! Away!"*

Enter LADY BLANCHE.

LADY B. Aha! That brazen song is flourish to
 A most disgraceful sequel. For, Ida,

Know you 've harbored here a vixen trait'ress !
It was not thus, O Princess, in old days ;
You prized my counsel, lived upon my lips.
I led you then to all the Castalies ;
I fed you with the milk of every Muse ;
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me,
Your second mother : these were gracious times.
Then came your new friend. You began to change--
I saw it and grieved—to slacken and to cool,
Till, taken with her seeming openness,
You turned your warmer currents all to her,
To me you froze : this was my meed for all.
Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,
And partly that I hoped to win you back,
And partly conscious of my own deserts,
And partly that you were my civil head,
And chiefly you were born for something great,
In which I might your fellow-worker be.
We took this palace ; but even from the first
You stood in your own light and darkened mine.
What student came but that you planed her path
To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,
A foreigner ; and I your countrywoman,
I your old friend and tried, she new in all ?
Yet I bore up, in hope she would be known.
Then came these wolves : *they* knew her : *they* endured,
Long-closeted with her the yestermorn,
To tell her what they were, and she to hear.
Last night their mask was patent, and my foot
Was to you ; but I thought again. I fear'd
To meet a cold " We thank you, we shall hear of it
From Lady Psyche." Till now I held peace ;
But public use requires she should be known ;
And since I took my oath for public use,
I broke the letter of it to keep the sense.

I spoke not, then, at first, but watched them well,
 Saw that they kept apart, no mischief done ;
 And yet this day (tho' you should hate me for it)
 I came to tell you ; found that you had gone,
 Walked to the hills, she likewise. Now, I thought,
 Surely she 'll confess it ; if not, then I.
 Did she ? These monsters blazoned what they are,
 According to the coarseness of their kind ;
 For thus I heard, who came in search for you.
 I, that have lent my life to build up yours ;
 I, that have wasted here health, wealth, and time,
 And talent ; I—you know it—I will not boast.
 Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,
 Divorced from my experience, will be chaff
 For every gust of chance, and men will say
 We did not know the real light, but chased
 The wisp that flickers where no foot can tread.

PRIN. Good :

Your oath is broken : we dismiss you : go.

LADY B. The plan was mine, the plan was mine ! I built
 The nest—what for ? to hatch the cuckoo ? [to MELISSA]
 Rise !

Enter POSTWOMAN, gives two letters to Ida.

PRIN. [*reading*]. Fair daughter, when we sent the Prince
 your way

We knew not your ungracious laws, which learnt,
 We, conscious of what temper you are built,
 Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell
 Into his father's hand, who has this night
 Slipt round and in the dark invested you,
 And here he keeps me hostage for his son.

[*Second letter.*]

You have our son : touch not a hair of his head.
 Render him up unscathed ; give him your hand ;
 Cleave to your contract ; tho' indeed we hear

You hold the woman is the better man ;
 A rampant heresy, such as, if it spread,
 Would make all women kick against their lords
 Thro' all the world, and which might well deserve
 That we this night should pluck your palace down ;
 And we will do it, unless you send us back
 Our son, on the instant, whole and sound.

PRINCE. O not to pry and peer on your reserve,
 But led by golden wishes and a hope,
 The child of regal compact, did I break
 Your precinct ; not a scorner of your sex,
 But venerator. Hear me, for I bear,
 Tho' man, yet human, a life, from childhood,
 Less mine than yours. My nurse would tell me of you ;
 I babbled for you as babes for the moon's
 Vague brightness ; when a boy, you stooped to me
 From all high places, lived in all fair lights,
 Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south
 And blown to inmost north ; at eve and dawn
 With *Ida, Ida, Ida*, rang the woods ;
 The mellow breaker murmured *Ida*. Now,
 Because I would have reached you, had you been
 Sphered up with *Cassiopeia*, or the enthroned
Persephone in *Hades*, now, at length,
 A man I came to see you. In you I find
 My boyish dream involved and dazzled down
 And mastered, that, except you slay me here,
 According to your bitter statute-book,
 I cannot cease to follow you as they say
 The seal does music ; who desire you more
 Than growing boys their manhood ; dying lips,
 The breath of life ; oh, more than poor men wealth,
 Than sick men health—yours, yours, not mine—but half
 Without you ; with you, whole ; and of those halves
 You worthiest. Despair shall never daunt me.

Yet, that I came not all unauthorized,
Behold your father's letter.

PRIN. You have done well and like a gentleman,
And like a prince : you have our thanks for all :
And you look well, too, in your woman's dress ;
Well have you done and like a gentleman.
Had I my father's sceptre for one hour!
You that have dared to break our bound, and gulled
Our servants, wronged and lied and thwarted us—
Barbarian, grosser than your native bears—
I wed with thee ! I bound by precontract
Your bride, your bondslave ! not tho' all the gold
That veins the world were packed to make your crown,
And every spoken tongue should lord you! Sir,
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful to us ;
I trample on your offers and on you.
Begone ! we will not look upon you more.
Here, push them out at gates.

[Some of the stronger pupils push them out, the others shriek. The PRINCE tries in vain to speak.]

PRIN. *[to the maidens]*. What fear ye, brawlers? am not
I your Head?

On me, me, me, the storm first breaks. *I dare*
All these male thunderbolts ; what is't ye fear?
Peace! there are those to avenge us and they come:
If not,—myself were like enough, O girls,
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,
And, clad in iron, burst the ranks of war;
Or, falling, protomartyr of our cause,
Die. Yet I blame you not so much for fear;
Six thousand years of fear have made you that
From which I would redeem you. But for those
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I know

Your faces there in the crowd—to-morrow morn
 We hold a great convention: then shall they
 That love their voices more than duty learn
 With whom they deal, dismissed in shame to live
 No wiser than their mothers, household stuff,
 Live chattels, mincers of each other's fame,
 Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,
 The drunkard's football, laughing-stocks of Time,
 Whose brains are in their hands and in their heels;
 But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,
 To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to scour,
 Forever slaves at home and fools abroad.

Re-enter LADY BLANCHE *and pupils.* *They all announce:*

The Prince is slain! The Prince is slain!

PRIN. Our enemies have fallen!

ALL. Have fallen!

PRIN. The seed,

The little seed they laughed at in the dark,
 Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bulk
 Of spanless girth, that lays on every side
 A thousand arms, and rushes to the sun.
 Our enemies have fallen!

ALL. Have fallen. They came;

The leaves were wet with women's tears; they heard
 A noise of songs they would not understand,
 They marked it with the red cross to the fall,
 And would have strown it, and are fallen themselves.

LADY B. Our enemies have fallen!

ALL. Have fallen.

LADY B. They struck;

With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor knew
 There dwelt an iron nature in the grain;
 The glittering axe was broken in their arms,
 Their arms were shattered to the shoulder-blade.

PRIN. Our enemies have fallen, but this shall grow
 A night of summer from the heat, a breadth
 Of autumn, dropping fruits of power; and, rolled
 With music in the growing breeze of time,
 The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs
 Shall move the stony bases of the world.

LADY P. [*coming forward*]. We two were friends. I go
 to mine own land
 Forever; find some other; as for me,
 I scarce am fit for your great plans; yet speak to me,
 Say one soft word and let me part forgiven.

[PRINCESS, *gazing on the ground, speaks not. Soft pre-
 lude to "Home they brought her warrior dead."*]

ALL [*chant to the music*].

Home they brought her warrior dead;
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 "She must weep or she will die."
 Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stopt,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.
 Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears—
 "Sweet, my child, I live for thee."

PRIN. Psyche, come to me, embrace me; come
 Quick, while I melt; make reconciliation sure
 With one that cannot keep her mind an hour!

Kiss and be friends like children being chid!
 I seem no more. I want forgiveness, too.
 I should have had to do with none but maids
 That have no links with men. Ah, false, but dear,
 Dear traitor, too much loved, why? why?—Yet see,
 Before all these we embrace you yet once more
 With all forgiveness, all oblivion,
 And trust, not love, you less. I cannot keep
 My heart an eddy from the brawling hour;
 Fling our doors wide! all, all, not one, but all,
 Whatever man lies wounded, friend or foe,
 Shall enter if he will!

LADY B. Ay, so? Indeed? Amazed am I to hear
 Your Highness; but your Highness breaks with ease
 The law your Highness did not make: 't was I.
 I had been wedded wife; I knew mankind,
 And blocked them out; but these men came to woo
 Your Highness—verily, I think, to win.

PRIN. We brook no further insult, but are gone.

Enter PRINCE, GAMA, FLORIAN, CYRIL, IPSE.

ALL. The Prince! He lives! He lives!

PRINCE [*kneeling*]. If you be what I think you, my
 sweet dream,

I do but ask you to fulfil yourself;
 Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I go.

PRIN. Ah, fool, I made myself a queen of farce!
 When comes another such? never, I think,
 Till the sun drop dead from the signs.

PRINCE. Blame not thyself too much, my queen, nor blame
 Too much the sons of men and barbarous laws;
 These were the rough ways of the world till now.
 Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that know
 The woman's cause is man's.
 For woman is not undeveloped man,



Cyrii.



Erac.

But diverse. Could we make her as the man,
Sweet Love were slain. His dearest bond is this :
Not like to like, but like in difference.
Yet in the long years liker must they grow ;
The man be more of woman, she of man ;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
Till, at the last, she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
Forgive me, sweet ; I waste my heart in signs :
Indeed I love thee ; come, yield thyself up ;
My hopes and thine are one.

PRIN. Never, Prince ; you cannot love me !

PRINCE. I love thee dearer for thy faults, my brîd.
My wife, my life ! Oh, we will walk this world,
Yoked in all exercise of noble ends.
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me.

[*Tableau*—CURTAIN.]

SUGGESTIONS.

COSTUMES.—To costume the characters of "The Princess" as usually represented in illustrations would no doubt give the best effects, and I suggest the cuts found in Rolfe's edition of "The Princess"* as very pretty. But if the cast is all girls, the antique Roman or Grecian costumes will be more becoming. Nor are they out of harmony with the climate, at least of Gama's kingdom, as we read: "The year in which our olives failed;" and, elsewhere, "All about us pealed the nightingale." The Grecian dress is so perfectly adapted to the æsthetic gymnastics, that this, too, is an added word in its favor.

The Prince, Florian, and Cyril, in the first two scenes, being from a "Northern empire," should be dressed cavalier style. This effect may be prettily simulated by short divided skirts, satin coats with puffed sleeves, long cloak falling from the shoulders, full lace ruffles at throat and wrist, sword and belt, jaunty hat with long plume. The colors should be rich and prettily contrasted.

For the Princess I would suggest white and gold; for Lady Blanche, dark red; for Lady Psyche, pale pink or green. All the pupils, including Melissa and Violet, wear white cheese- or crazy-cloth slips with golden girdles. For the girdles use either theatrical braid or yellow satin ribbon an inch wide. Carry it around the waist and over both shoulders, thus crossing front and back. Lady Blanche's class color is "April daffodilly" or yellow, and Lady Psyche's, "violet," so half the pupils have yellow cheese-cloth drapery over the slip and the other half violet. The hair is worn Grecian knot, with two bands of white. As the Prince, Florian, and Cyril all join Lady Psyche's class, they wear the dress of the "Violets" after they enter the university.

The "love-song" † introduced at the close of Scene I. is not an interlude of "The Princess," but is one of Tennyson's sweetest lyrics.

At the opening of Scene III. have the one class come in and exercise for a time, and then the other (have about sixteen pupils in

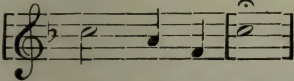
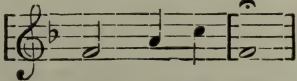
* Rolfe's edition of "The Princess," 75 cents.

† "Where is Another Sweet as My Sweet?" 50 cents.

all, eight in each class); then have them all come on together and perform marching figures. This juncture gives an opportunity to introduce all the Delsarte and æsthetic culture work desired. At the close of their exercises have them draw up in regular lines on each side of stage, Lady Blanche and the Princess occupying the centre. When the "strangers" enter, they stand before the Princess while she addresses them.

In Scene IV. all the pupils are seated, the "Yellows" on one side of stage and the "Violets" on the other. During Lady Psyche's lecture introduce some nonsensical by-play on the part of the strangers and the pupils. At the close of this scene, when the pupils re-enter and chant the "Sweet and Low" cradle-song, the idea is to represent night. If practicable, have the pupils sing instead of chant.

In Scene VI., when the pupils enter, they seat themselves in comfortable and picturesque groups, the leading characters prominent, of course. The "Bugle Song" is recited in concert without any change of the positions. Prepare this very carefully, representing the bugle notes and echo. There are two pretty combinations which I use on the words "Blow, bugle, blow":

1st.  2nd. 

Allow a few sweet voices to carry the echo, while the others go on with the words softly. If possible, have Violet accompany her song, "Tears, idle tears," on the guitar or mandolin. She steps to the front of stage while singing, as does also the Prince when he sings "O Swallow, Swallow." If the string accompaniment is impracticable, accompany them on the piano, below the stage, in front. Cyril's song is not from Tennyson, but Shakespeare. Any other rollicking snatch may be used; but this seemed more like "A tavern catch of Moll and Meg" than any other of which I know.

"Our enemies have fallen" must be declaimed in bold, heroic style, Lady Blanche leading. "Home they brought her warrior dead" is very pretty; the pupils softly chant or sing this while Ida and Psyche carry on the pantomime of sorrow, relenting, and forgiveness, Lady Blanche jealously watching.

The poem must be carefully studied as to the minutiae, and a true representation depends on each character being understood in all the situations as presented by Tennyson.

LESSON-TALK ON "THE PRINCESS."

By ELISE WEST.

COVER bottom and sides of stage with green denim or any kind of green material sufficiently stiff to lie and hang perfectly flat. If possible, arrange green branches from floor up walls for about five feet. This gives effective background. Arrange properties as follows: One straight wooden bench, long enough to hold three persons; one curved wooden bench holding five persons; one throne chair similar to throne chair used in Scene 2, Act I. of "Hamlet;" one high wooden desk similar to pulpit in country church; two low stools; one platform on which to stand. Cover all of these with white muslin. In following this arrangement there is little change of stage, and such as there is may be done quickly. The effectiveness of tableaux will come from costuming and grouping characters.

SCENE I.

An empty stage with exception of straight bench, which is placed at left centre, midway in stage and turned slightly to one side. Curtain rises on following tableau (in this arrangement curtain generally rises and discovers the characters rather than having them enter, as their entrance would involve more elaborate stage settings): Prince is seated near right end of bench, his right arm resting on his knee, his chin in palm of his hand. He is staring straight before him. Cyril stands back of him at left, his hand resting familiarly upon Prince's shoulder, and Florian stands at right, a bit removed from the others. In general, maintain these positions throughout scene, excepting that Prince lifts his head and describes with passionate gestures his father's attitude towards Princess (Prince must be represented as a rather large well-built young man, serious, noble and courtly in manner. Florian is more of a dreamer, less used to war and more delicately built. Cyril is on type of Gratiano in "The Merchant of Venice," excepting that he is more courtly than that good-natured individual).

After exit of Florian and Cyril, Prince rises, goes to centre of stage and sings his song.

SCENE II.

In general, same scene that is used in Scene 2, Act I. of "Hamlet." Throne at right front, Gama seated upon it. Ipse stands at left of throne, attendants are grouped about. Prince stands in centre of stage facing King; Florian and Cyril are back of him. Seated on curved bench, at left back of stage, are grouped ladies whose pretty dresses make a bit of bright color in scene, and behind them stand some gallants of Gama's train. These positions are maintained until exit of Gama and train. This is effected in slow, stately manner to music. Then Prince comes quickly to centre, and Cyril and Florian go on either side of him. Ipse, returning after train has passed out, tells his news and curtain goes down on following tableaux: Ipse standing right, excitedly pulling his beard or rubbing his hands together; Prince holding Florian's right hand and Cyril's left in tight grasp in his own, and shaking them slightly up and down as he affirms, "We'll haste us to prepare."

SCENE III.

Princess is seated on throne at right, Lady Blanche seated on straight bench at left, Melissa on low stool at her feet, her students grouped around her. Another group of students on curved bench in centre of stage, others standing in various groups about stage. When Prince, Florian, and Cyril enter, they are brought before Princess, and stand facing her during rest of scene. Lady Blanche rises when she reads from the tome. (If one wishes to represent the statues to which the Princess refers in her speech "Look at our hall," do this by posing girls as statues. Study pictures of the same to have the poses correct.)

SCENE IV.

A high desk at right of stage half-way back and near centre facing partly toward front and partly toward left back. Lady Psyche is standing on raised platform behind desk. Prince, Cyril, and Florian are seated on straight bench at left of stage partly facing front and partly Lady Psyche. Five pupils are seated on

curved bench which is placed at right front of stage, so that their backs are toward audience; they lean forward as Lady Psyche lectures, the other pupils are grouped about in various attitudes. When classes are dismissed, Lady Psyche comes down from behind desk, and on recognizing her brother falls back against it with her hand upon her head. Cyril rushes forward as though to support her, she waves him back, walks majestically to front of stage and demands, "Saw you not the inscription?" During rest of scene they all remain standing. Florian embraces his sister on "You are my sister Psyche." On entrance of Melissa the three men quickly fall back at left, leaving Melissa in centre of stage with Lady Psyche at right. Stage should be darkened for song, "Sweet and Low," and pupils should sway with their bodies in time with music, standing in whatever groups seem most effective.

SCENE V.

Same as Scene IV., only no people on stage. Prince, Florian, and Cyril come in from back and stand until entrance of Melissa, who falls at Prince's feet, begging him to fly. On "But how sweet child," Prince seats himself on curved bench and Melissa in centre of stage gives her speech, "My fault, my fault," with Florian and Cyril standing one on either side of her. On exit of Melissa Prince rises again, goes and leans against desk as he says "The crane may chatter," etc. Cyril, coming in quickly, takes center of stage and gives his speech, "No fighting shadows here," rapidly and with many gestures; seats himself on bench at left as Violet enters. They all go out, following Violet; and Lady Blanche, entering alone, takes position behind desk which Lady Psyche held in Scene IV., leans her chin in her palms and gives her speech, ending scene.

SCENE VI.

An empty stage excepting for curved bench, which is directly in centre and upon which is seated Princess with Prince lying at her feet. When Psyche, Cyril, and others enter they seat themselves in careless attitudes around feet of Princess, or stand back of her leaning forward listening to her words. The girls who recite "The Bugle Song," should be in a group separated from the others.

Violet should sit on low bench near Princess with her back toward audience until she begins to sing, when she turns to front. Cyril remains at back of stage until he sings "The Master," etc., when he quickly goes forward and shouts this in loud rollicking voice. They all spring to their feet and start to fly excepting Princess; Lady Blanche, rushing in, goes to side of Princess and hurls her denunciation at the strangers. This speech of Lady Blanche's should be given in high voice which rage and spite render that of a vixen. Princess coldly bids her go. Princess seats herself to read letters; and Prince, who has sprung to his feet at beginning of Cyril's song and tried to prevent his countryman from disgracing himself, returns, kneels on one knee before Princess, and says, "Oh, not to pry," etc. Princess scornfully answers, "You have done well," rises on "Begone," and turns her back to Prince as pupils try to push him out. Princess then draws herself to her full height; the girls press around her tremblingly, and she says, "What fear ye," etc. Lady Blanche and her pupils rush in, wildly and triumphantly declaiming, "Our enemies have fallen"; then Lady Psyche, slowly coming forward, falls at feet of Princess and begs forgiveness. Lady Psyche's pupils, stretching out their arms to Princess, sing "Home they brought," etc. Princess raises Psyche to her feet and stands with her arm around her as Prince re-enters with his friends. Curtain goes down on following tableau: Prince takes Princess by her hand, leads her to front of stage, where he stands with his arm around her; Psyche stands at right of stage with both her hands on Florian's shoulder gazing up to his face; his hands are clasped about her waist. Cyril stands behind them with one hand on his hip gazing at Psyche. Gama and his train are at left of stage. Violet and Melissa, with arms entwined and drooping heads, are at extreme right. Lady Blanche is at exit in attitude of defiance and pupils are grouped at back.

“THE PRINCESS.”
ANALYTICAL AND CRITICAL STUDY.

By **STANLEY SCHELL.**

1. HISTORY OF THE POEM.

“THE PRINCESS” was written by Alfred Tennyson and first published in 1847. Each edition until the fifth, which appeared in 1853, was revised. From 1853 until the present time the poem has remained unchanged. The poem was written at a time when the question of “Women’s Rights” was beginning to be agitated in England, and was started as a pleasing banter on the “Rights of Women,” but grew in seriousness until it became a very pretentious poem, embodying Tennyson’s views of the woman question; setting forth very clearly and in beautiful language what he thought should be the true relation between man and woman.

2. SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY OF THE POEM.

Princess Ida, betrothed when a child to the Prince, whom she had never seen, declines, when a woman, to fulfil a contract which was not of her making; besides, marriage would interfere with her plans of reforming and regenerating women. To carry out these plans she has retired from the world with a number of her women companions, and has founded a university exclusively for women. Over the gate to her university is written:

“Let no man enter here on pain of death.”



Florian.



King Gama.

The Prince, who is deep in love with her portrait and a lock of hair, tries to win her by stratagem. With two friends, Cyril and Florian, all in women's attire, he enters the university. Their disguise is penetrated by accident, and they are turned out of the university, the penalty of death being waived because the Prince saved the life of Princess Ida, who, in her haste to get away after discovering who the Prince is, falls from a bridge into the torrent. Meanwhile the King, father of the Prince, fearing for the safety of his son, has encamped with an army about the walls of the university and retains as a hostage Gama, the father of Princess Ida. A decision is reached, that Princess Ida has the right to repudiate the contract, after a combat between the Prince and his friends with the brothers of Ida and an equal number of their adherents. The Prince and his friends are vanquished and the Prince is wounded. Then Princess Ida opens her gates to victor and vanquished, sets her pupils to tend on, and to fall in love with, the hitherto detested sex; herself tends the wounded Prince, and the inevitable result follows.

3. THE PLOT. AWAKENING OF LOVE IN THE PRINCESS.

However, the child—Lady Psyche's babe—is the real heroine and the central point upon which the plot turns. This babe represents nature itself and clears away all intellectual theories by its influence. Princess Ida never feels its power. At every important part of the plot the babe is there, and in the end helps Cyril to win his suit with Lady Psyche and helps the Prince to win Princess Ida. For the purposes of this play, arranged for young ladies' schools, the part of Lady Psyche's babe has been omitted.

4. ARRANGEMENT OF THE POEM.

(a) The Prologue deals with the most striking characteristics of the age of the poem; shows the fondness for criticising all eras and for investigating and applying all natural powers; is a fine overture suggesting the nature of the poem to follow.

(b) Seven parts or cantos.

- (c) Songs are introduced between the parts to keep in view the thought of love and marriage as best for women.
 (d) Conclusion or Epilogue—Appreciation of the poem.

5. TIME AND PLACE OF THE POEM.

- (a) Prologue written in 1847; England.
 (b) The Seven Parts, Middle Ages; Norway and Russia; the Prince is of Norway.

6. STRIKING SITUATIONS.

- (a) Recognition of the Prince, Cyril, and Florian in Lady Psyche's classroom.
 (b) Discovery of them through Lady Blanche in the tent.
 (c) The Tourney.
 (d) Account of Princess Ida on the battlefield.
 (e) Rescue of Princess Ida.
 (f) Singing of the battle song by Princess Ida.
 (g) Lady Blanche arraigning Princess Ida's students in the university garden.

7. BEAUTIFUL DESCRIPTIVE PASSAGES.

- (a) Night at the University.
 (b) The Cataract.
 (c) Delineations of Gama, Lady Psyche, Melissa.

8. FAMOUS WOMEN MENTIONED.

Princess Ida, Princess of Russia; Artemisia, Queen of Caria, who was an ally of Xerxes; Clelia, Cornelia, Agrippina, Joan, Sappho, Aspasia, Judith, Jael, Tomyris, Diotima, Sheba, Vashti, Hortensia.

9. FAMOUS MYTHOLOGICAL WOMEN MENTIONED.

Pallas, Uranian Venus, Mnemosyne, Persephone, Hebe, Graces, Fates, Muses, Cassiopeia, Amazons.

10. ANALYSIS OF PRINCESS IDA.

- (a) Read personal description.
- (b) Read descriptive pictures of her.
- (c) Note personal characteristics: Spoiled, self-willed, conceited, full of foolish pride, easily influenced, distorted ideas of sphere of woman, sarcastic, loved children, true woman at heart.
- (d) Note change in her from hardness to pity and from pity to love.
- (e) Her philosophy—uplift of woman.
- (f) Failure of Princess Ida's scheme.
- (g) What the result would have been had Princess Ida's scheme succeeded.

11. VERSIFICATION OF THE POEM.

The poem shows great care in construction of its verse. Tennyson seemed to know that a single measure running through a long poem must of necessity become monotonous and wearisome, unless great care were taken to diversify its rhythm; and so, in building up the poem, he made use of a variety of effects, adopting many rhythmical and metrical expedients from "Paradise Lost," and from older English poetry in general. As a result, the blank verse of "The Princess" surpasses all of Tennyson's previous efforts in blank verse, and its equal cannot be found anywhere else since Milton's time.

12. EPIGRAMS FROM THE POEM.

- "It becomes no man to nurse despair,
 But in the teeth of clenched antagonisms,
 To follow up the worthiest till he die."
 "Follow, follow; thou shalt win."
 "Ye are green wood; see ye warp not."
 "Better not be at all than not be noble."
 "Sweet it is to have done the thing one ought."
 "To look on noble forms makes noble that which is higher."
 "The highest is the measure of the man."

CRITICISMS OF "THE PRINCESS."

THOMAS CARLYLE (1848):

"A gorgeous piece of writing, but to me new melancholy proof of the futility of what they call 'art.' Alas! Alfred, too; I fear, will prove one of the sacrificed, and in very deed it is a pity."

EDWARD FITZGERALD (1848):

"I am considered a great heretic for abusing it; it seems to me a wretched waste of power at a time of life when a man ought to be doing his best; and I almost feel hopeless about Alfred now."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW (1848):

"Strange enough! a university of women! A gentle satire, in the easiest and most flowing blank verse, with two delicious unrhymed songs, and many exquisite passages. I went to bed after it, with delightful music ringing in my ears; yet half disappointed in the poem, though not knowing why. There is a discordant note somewhere."

BAYARD TAYLOR (1848):

"I had the misfortune to be deeply intoxicated yesterday—with Tennyson's new poem, 'The Princess,' which I shall bring to thee" [addressed to Mary Agnew] "when I return home. I dare not keep it with me. For the future, for a long time at least, I dare not read Tennyson. His poetry would be the death of mine, and, indeed, a pervadence of his spirit would ruin me for the great purposes of life. His intense perception of beauty haunts me for days, and I cannot drive it from me."

JAMES HADLEY (1849):

"So vividly and clearly does the poet delineate the creatures of his fancy that we cannot help viewing them as actual existence. We find ourselves sympathizing with the Prince, and wishing him success in his arduous suit. We feel the rush of breathless expectation in the hot mêlée of the tourney. We wait anxiously the turn of fate beside the sick-bed of the wounded lover. We give him our heartiest congratulations on his eventual recovery and success. It is only when we set ourselves to criticising that we are struck with the improbability of that which moved us and become ashamed of our former feelings."

GEORGE GILFILLAN (1849):

"A medley of success, failure, and half success—not even an attempt towards a whole."

CHARLES KINGSLEY (1850):

"The poem being, as the title imports, a medley of jest and earnest, allows a metrical license, of which we are often tempted to wish that its author had not availed him; yet the most unmetrical and apparently careless passages flow with a grace, a lightness, a colloquial ease and frolic which

CYRIL'S SONG.

(See page 29 of text.)

The Mas - ter, the Swab-ber, the Boat-swain, and I, The

Gun - ner and his mate, Lov'd Moll, Meg, Ma-rian, and

Mar - ge - ry, But none of us car'd for Kate, For

she had a tongue with a tang. Then to Sea, boys, and let her go

hang Then to Sea, boys, and let her go hang.....



Northern King.

perhaps only heighten the effect of the serious parts, and serve as a foil to set off the unrivalled finish and melody of these latter."

WILLIAM FREDERICK ROBERTSON (1852):

"In his 'Princess,' which he calls a 'medley,' the former half of which is sportive and the plot almost too fantastic and impossible for criticism, while the latter portion seems too serious for a story so slight and flimsy, he has with exquisite taste disposed of the question, which has its burlesque and comic as well as its tragic side, of woman's present place and future destinies. And if any one wishes to see this subject treated with a masterly and delicate hand, in protest alike against the theories that would make her as the man, which she could only be by becoming masculine, not manly, and those which would have her to remain the toy, or the slave, or the slight thing of sentimental and trivolumous accomplishment which education has hitherto aimed at making her, I would recommend him to study the few last pages of 'The Princess' where the poet brings the question back, as a poet should, to nature; develops the ideal out of the actual woman, and reads out of what she is, on the one hand, what her Creator intended her to be, and, on the other, what she never can nor ought to be."

ABRAHAM HAYWARD (1871):

"We need hardly say that there are many graceful flights of fancy, many pleasing bits of description, many happy epithets, many fine thoughts, scattered over 'The Princess;' but the prosaic so predominates over the poetic element, that it fairly passes our comprehension how it ever passed muster as a whole."

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1875):

"Other works of our poet are greater, but none is so fascinating as this romantic tale; English throughout, yet combining the England of Cœur de Lion with that of Victoria in one bewitching picture. . . . 'The Princess' has a distinct purpose,—the illustration of a woman's struggles, aspirations, and proper sphere; and the conclusion is one wherewith the instincts of cultured people are so thoroughly in accord, that some are used to answer, when asked to present their view of the 'woman question,' you will find it at the close of 'The Princess.'"

ALFRED TENNYSON TO S. E. DAWSON (1882):

"I may tell you that the songs were not an afterthought. Before the first edition came out I deliberated with myself whether I should put songs in between the separate divisions of the poem. Again, I thought, the poem will explain itself, but the public did not see that the child, as you say, was the heroine of the piece, and at last I conquered my laziness and inserted them."

ANNE THACKERAY RITCHIE (1883):

"'The Princess,' with all her lovely court and glowing harmonies, was born in London, among the fogs and smuts of Lincoln's Inn, although, like all works of true art, this poem had grown by degrees in other times

and places. The poet came and went, free, unshackled, meditating, inditing."

S. E. DAWSON (1884):

"Tennyson's 'The Princess' has been and continues to be singularly underrated. Seldom, in the universal chorus of admiration and even adulation which for years his work has excited, do we meet with appreciation of this his longest continuous poem,—a poem, moreover, published at the age when a writer usually produces his best work—equally removed from the exuberance of youth and the chill of age, and one which has been altered and retouched during five successive editions, until the utmost effort has been expended, and, in literary form at least, it stands out unsurpassed in perfect finish by anything in modern literature. In this respect 'The Princess' is to Tennyson's other work what the 'Elegy' is to Grey's. In the adverse criticism it had called forth, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's attack upon Milton's 'Lycidas'; indeed, both the 'Princess' and 'Lycidas' have continuously, and with equal justice, or injustice, been reproached for the same fault,—that of incongruity of plan. 'The Princess,' as a work of art, is the most complete and satisfying of all Tennyson's works. It possesses a play of fancy, of humor, of pathos, and of passion which give it variety; while the feeling of unity is unbroken throughout. It is full of passages of the rarest beauty and most exquisite workmanship. The songs it contains are unsurpassed in English literature. The diction is drawn from the treasure-house of old English poetry—from Chaucer, from Shakespeare, and the poets of the Elizabethan age. The versification is remarkable for its variety, while the rhythm, in stateliness and expression, is modelled upon Milton. There are passages which, in power over language to match sound with sense, are not excelled by anything in 'Paradise Lost' for strength, or in Milton's minor poems for sweetness."

ARTHUR GALTON (1885):

"It is like a piece of Renaissance poetry born out of due time. It has the tone of the Elizabethans without their extravagances; though, we must add, without the cause of that extravagance—their Titanic force. It is bright, glowing, and most fascinating."

ARTHUR WAUGH (1892):

"Through all emendations and additions, chiefly interesting to the bibliographer, the spirit and intention of the poem remain unchanged; while it served, on the one hand, as a piece to be staged with all the refinement of the poet's taste, backed by richly colored and harmonious scenery, it carried at its heart the poet's invariable creed."

J. CUMMING WALTERS (1893):

"A more glorious seeming but utterly impossible ideal would have won for him unstinted praise, but what was Tennyson if not a plain dealer? He abhorred woman's wrongs without subscribing fully to the modern program of woman's rights. He had the candor to combat some of her claims and the courage to deny some of her pretensions. Less as

a matter of principle than as a matter of propriety and expediency he showed where the impulsive *Ida* would fail. When revised and re-written, and with delicious lyrics interspersed, '*The Princess*' exhibited so much of the poet's power that, despite the pervading sense of disappointment, a future of great achievement was confidently predicted for its author."

STOPFORD A. BROOKS (1894):

"'*In Memoriam*' is the most complete, most rounded to a polished sphere of the larger poems of Tennyson; the '*Idylls of the King*' is the most ambitious; '*Maud*' is the loveliest, most rememberable; and '*The Princess*' is the most delightful. Holiday-hearted, amazingly varied, charming our leisured ease from page to page, it is a poem to read on a sunny day in one of those rare places in the world where 'there is no clock in the forest'; where the weight and worry of the past, the present, or the future do not make us conscious of their care. There is no sorrow or sense of the sorrow of the world in it. The man who wrote it had reached maturity, but there is none of the heaviness of maturity in its light movement. It is really gay, as young as the Prince himself who is its hero; and the dreams and desires of youth flit and linger in it as summer bees around the honied flowers."

ANDREW J. GEORGE (1896):

"'*The Princess*' was both a history and a prophecy. While it lacked nothing of the lyric and picturesque qualities of the earlier poems, it contained the germs of that political and ethical philosophy which we now consider as the distinctive contribution of Tennyson to the thought of the century."

HENRY W. BOYNTON (1896):

"To a few modern admirers, it is true, this work appeals as the poet's most satisfying product; but the most of us are content to see in it what Doctor Van Dyke has seen—'one of the minor poems of a major poet.' It pleases us better than it pleased its earlier audience, but not because we find in it so much more, but because we expect so much less, of the highest poetic value. If, as those first critics did, we attempt to square the poem with classic standards of narrative and dramatic excellence; or if, like certain later enthusiasts, we claim a place for it as a didactic masterpiece, we must find ourselves committed to the consideration of some difficult problems."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY (1896):

"'*The Princess*' is undoubtedly Tennyson's greatest effort, if not exactly in comedy, in a vein verging towards the comic—a side of which he was not so well equipped for offence or defence as on the other. But it is a masterpiece. Exquisite as its author's verse always is, it was never more exquisite than here, whether in blank verse or in the (super-added) lyrics, while none of his deliberately arranged plays contains characters half so good as those of '*The Princess*' herself, of Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche, of Cyril, of the two Kings, and even of

one or two others. And that unequalled dream-faculty of his, which has been more than once glanced at, enabled him to carry off whatever was fantastical in the conception with almost unparalleled felicity."

CALEB THOMAS WINCHESTER (1899):

"The different motives in the poem are not harmonized with any unity of total effect. The pretty extravaganza which forms its central story makes no clear impression upon us. It is too strange to admit our belief: it is not strange enough to enthrall wonder. It ought to be either more romantic or less so. The songs, which fill the pauses of the story and many of the longer passages, if taken separately, are exquisitely beautiful or pathetic; but their effect as they stand in the poem is much diminished by the setting of purely fanciful or half-playful circumstance in which they are placed, and by the obvious unreality of all the action. In a word, the whole is, as Tennyson called it, a medley. There is a great deal of most charming poetry in 'The Princess,' but 'The Princess' is not a great poem."

SUMMING UP OF CRITICISMS:

Faults.—The poem as a whole is considered an incongruous medley wholly unworthy of Tennyson. The main web of the tale is declared too weak to sustain the heavy decorations, and the mind becomes wearied with the waste splendor and beauty.

Beauties.—All agree that the poem as a whole is full of abundant grace, descriptive beauty, and human sentiment, and that its versification is unexcelled even by Milton in "Paradise Lost." Its songs are the most beautiful lyrics in the English language. The "Bugle Song" is the most exquisite.



Twin Brethren.

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